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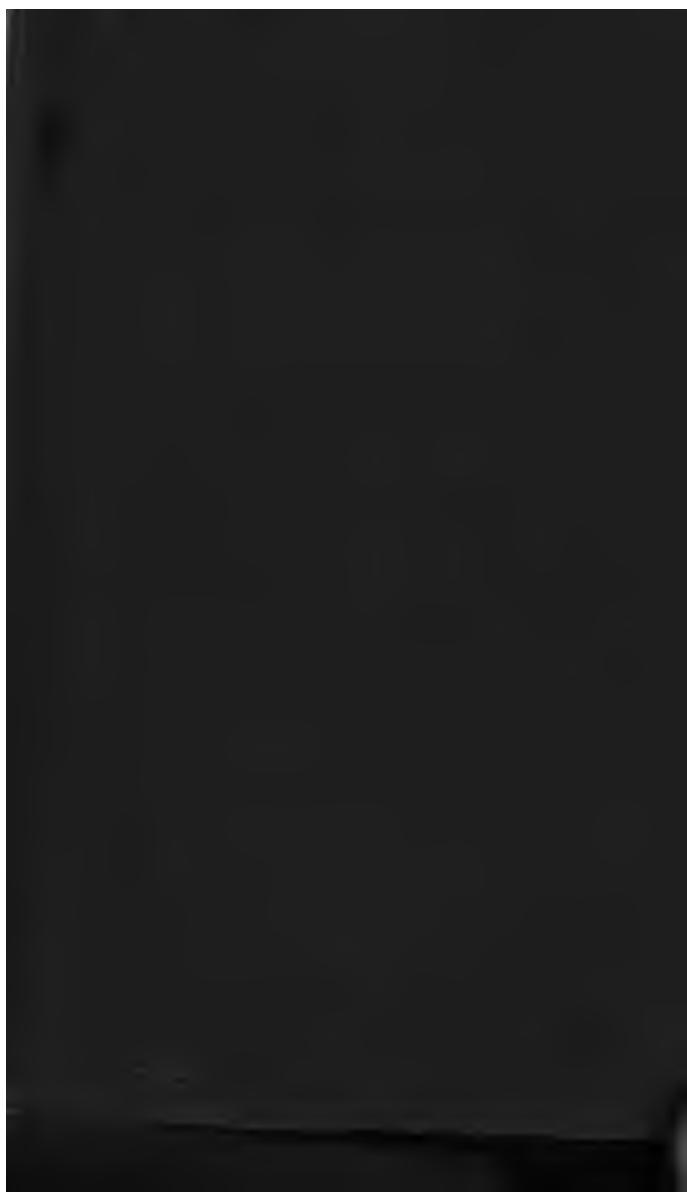




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LIFE MELODIES.





LIFE MELODIES.

BY

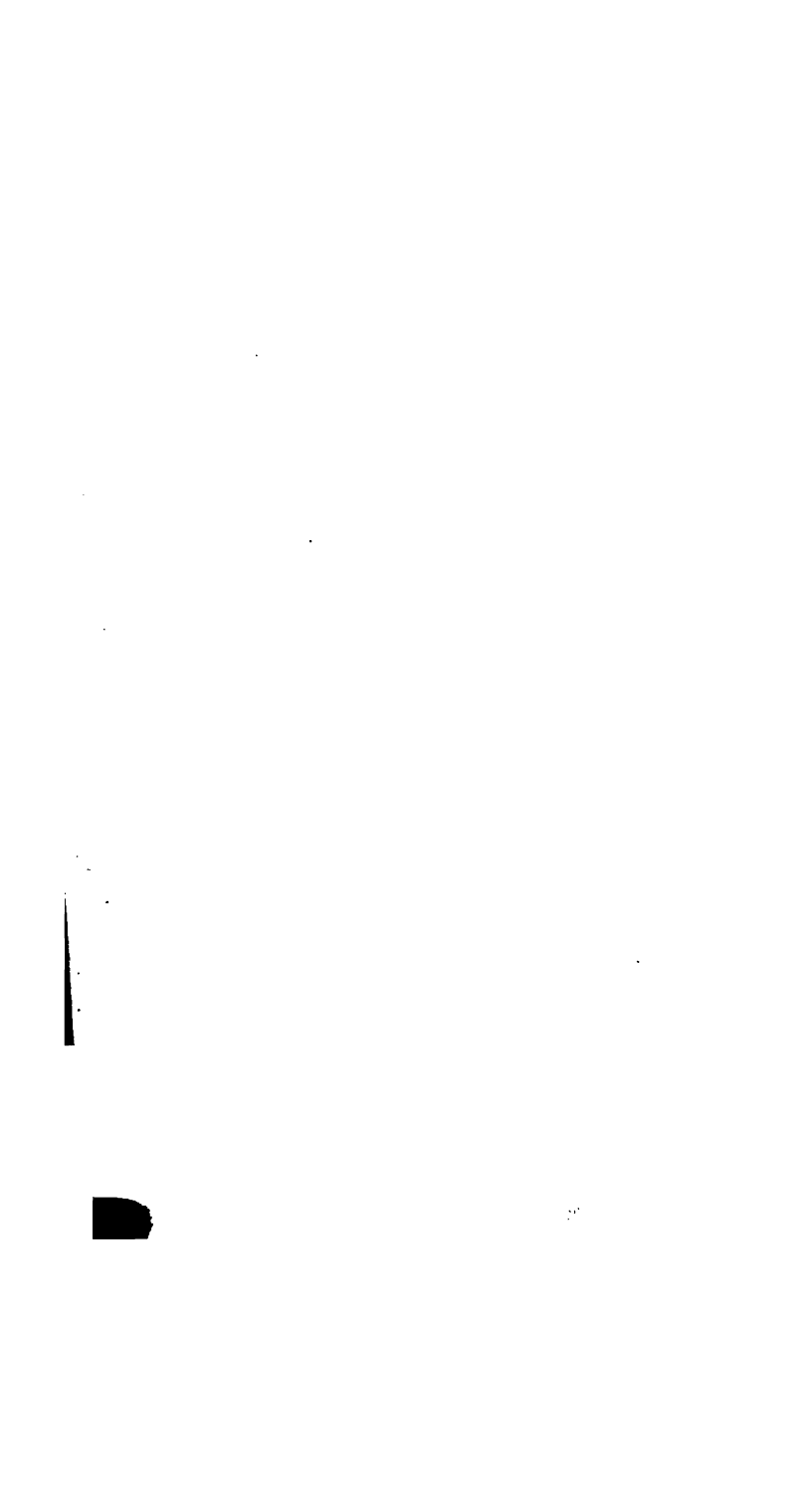
THOMAS MOORE.



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PREFACE.


THE following Poems have been written during brief seasons of relaxation from unusually arduous and pressing duties of ministerial life. In these days of increasing activity and excitement, when heavy demands are constantly being made on our mental resources, as well as on our energy and physical strength, the soul truly appreciates the obtainment of even a few occasional hours of holy quietude, and undisturbed and peaceful rest.

Such intervals of brief retirement from the performance of the hard and stern duties which devolve upon us are not only necessary for the restoration of our physical powers, but they are also greatly conducive to meditation and reflection, while they

enable us better to understand the true meaning and important significance of the passing incidents and events of our daily life.

It is at such times the soul takes a survey of her own strangely complicated thoughts, feelings, yearnings, aspirations, and experiences, while she is conscious of her ever-varying and changeful moods, which are continually being produced by the lights and shadows which alternately lighten and darken the atmosphere of her unseen and inner life.

Nor is there any more favourable season for securing a sublime and comprehensive view of the solemn dignity of being than when the soul comes, weary, jaded, and careworn, from the bustling scenes and turmoil of the world, and retires into her own tranquil chamber of thought and contemplation, while she patiently reviews her wonderously eventful history, and calmly looks out from her quiet resting-place on the continual commotion, turbulence, and conflict of a world, in which good and evil, right and wrong, truth and error, sin and righteousness, are ever seen contending for the mastery.



On such occasions so many thoughts crowd the heart, and so varied are the pictures which present themselves to the soul, that one is greatly tempted, rather than let them pass away for ever, to try, even with an unskilful hand, to preserve and enshrine them, although it may be in the most imperfect and unartistic of poetic forms.

And may it not be safely stated, that, while poetry has manifold provinces, from which she can draw the richest, and most abundant materials for her art, the highest, noblest, and most useful employment of her genius consists in giving a true and faithful delineation of realities, which men have felt, and seen, and handled; so that when they read her verses, and behold her pictures, they may recognize them,—not as incongruous and fantastic forms of things merely ideal,—but as the bright mirrors in which may be seen, truthfully reflected, the varying aspects of actual life?

Surely, a faithful exposition of the deep, hidden feelings, and chequered experiences of the human heart, as well as a true representation of the diversified scenes of the external world, in all their bearings and influences on the soul, are calculated

to exert a greater power on human history and destiny than all the aërial flights of mere idealism which have ever been committed to writing.

Nor in the prosecution of this work will the services of imagination be less required ; for as the poet, like the painter and sculptor, is often called upon to delineate phases and scenes of life through which he himself may never in reality have passed, he will require not only to bring observation and reflection, but imagination, to his aid, in order that he may enter into the true spirit of his work, and that all his pictures may be counterparts of the real.

And as it is the rightful province of the poet, not merely to present a one-sided picture of life, but, as far as possible, to shadow forth the changeful feelings and differing moods of the soul, so it is his responsible and solemn duty to abstain from describing thoughts, feelings, and aspects of life, the publication of which would be subversive of morality, antagonistic to the spread of true religion, and destructive of human happiness.

The Author would in conclusion apologize to his readers for writing what may be regarded by

Preface.

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some as a needlessly long and wearisome preface ; to his critics he would simply say ;—this small volume is the first poetical attempt of one, who, after much hesitation, and with considerable diffidence, ventures before the public.

T. M.

June, 1861.







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WORDS AND THOUGHTS.



WORDS are the golden clasps which
bind
The brilliant gems of thought,
The ministers that waiting stand
To show what the brain hath wrought.

Words are the flowers of thought which bloom
In the garden of the soul,
The body in which the spirit-thought
Is subject to control.

Words are the earthly garments
Which the spirit-thought puts on ;
But how often we see those garments
When the spirit-thought is gone.

Words are the spoken symbols

By which the heart makes known
Its conflicts, thoughts, and yearnings,
That are seen by itself alone.

Words are the varied channels

Of thought's most changeful stream,
The openings in the sky of the soul,
Through which strange lights oft gleam.

Words are the voices of the soul,

The outstretch'd wings of thought,
By which, through pen, and book, and tongue,
It reaches lands unsought.



THE INNER LIFE.



HERE is a life which man doth see,
 And a life which God doth know,
 And the heart that seems o'erflow'd
 with joy

Is often wrung with woe.

There's a life of lofty being,
 The life of the soul within,
 Its patient, silent struggles
 With sorrow, and with sin.

Its long dark nights of anguish,
 Its slow-approaching light,
 Its hours of dread temptation,
 And conflicts for the right,

Its under-currents, flowing
 Beneath its waves which roll,
 And its burning thoughts which nestle
 In the bosom of the soul.

The Inner Life.

Its strange, perplexing questions
Which press on every side,
And its dark, unearthly shadows,
Which o'er the spirit glide.

Its moments of conjecture,
Its hours of keen suspense,
Its powerful, earnest efforts,
'Midst agonies intense.

Who, who can draw this picture,
Or well describe this life,—
This inner life, this inner life
Of anguish, joy, and strife?



LIFE'S WATCHWORD.




ARK ! the pulse of time is beating,
 Life's few hours are fast retreating,
 Every hour a volume speaking,
 And life's watchword still repeating,
Press on !

There's no time for fruitless sighing,—
 Seeing we are hourly dying,
 Let us work, for ever crying,—
 “ The future to the past is flying,”—
Press on !

Not beneath life's burden sinking,
 Ne'er from life's great trials shrinking,
 Faith and work together linking,
 On the glorious future thinking,—
Press on !

In the power of truth believing,
Jesu's love in heart receiving,
At His cross our strength retrieving,
Ever noblest deeds achieving,—
Press on !

THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

S I walk'd in the old churchyard,
O'er the resting-place of the dead,
I thought of many a sorrowing breast,
And many an aching head,

That slept in the cold, cold clay,
And sorrow'd and ached no more,
And flung the burdens of life away,
When they could bear them no more.

As I stood in that old churchyard,
I dream'd of other years ;
And my heart o'erflow'd with sadness,
And my eyes were fill'd with tears.

I saw in that old churchyard
An angel, in thought, appear,
Who said to me, in reproof tones,
“ Why dost thou linger here ?

“ Wouldst thou learn what thyself shalt be ?
Then look beneath the sod ;
Thy body shall sleep in the cold, cold clay
When thy spirit returns to God.

“ The golden hours of thy life
Are quickly passing away ;
Arise ! thou dreamer, arise !
And work while 'tis call'd to-day.”

Then I walk'd from that old churchyard,
With slow and measured tread ;
But my solemn and silent stream of thought
Was turn'd from the sleeping dead

To the many works of life
Which I had left undone ;
And I sigh'd, and trembled with mournful look,
As I gazed on life's setting sun.

Life's Marching Song.

I came from that old churchyard,
As I never came before,
Determined to spend in idle dreams
The hours of life no more.

LIFE'S MARCHING SONG.

BE not ever vacillating,—
Changing still from side to side,
Fickle-minded, hesitating,
Fearing ever to decide.

Seek a mind by truth enlighten'd,
Scorn the narrow bigot's name,
Keep thy soul for ever brighten'd
By a high and noble aim.

Dare to venture on the ocean
Where men never sail'd before;
Fear not to unfurl thy banner
On the undiscover'd shore.

Life's Marching Song.

9


Let not men's opinions daunt thee ;
If they say what is not true,
If in rashness they condemn thee,
They shall bear their judgment too.

Do the work to-day appointed,
Shun all indolent delay ;
Draw not bills upon to-morrow,
Pay the debts of life to-day !

View with eagle-eye the present,
Hold it up to reason's light,
Pray that Heaven may guide thy judgment,
Trust in God, and do the right.



VISION OF THOUGHT.

OME thoughts there are of a wandering
 race,
 Which have no certain dwelling-place,
 Whence they come, no man doth know,
 How long they will stay, or when they will go.

Some thoughts are welcome : whenever they come
 They are always sure to find a home ;
 And the chords of the heart, which in silence have
 lain,
 Break forth to greet them with joyful strain.

And thoughts there are, bright, happy, and free,
 Array'd in white robes of simplicity ;
 They are angels of mercy ever flying,
 Sweet balm to wounded hearts applying.

And there are thoughts of awful form
 Which spring from the tempest and spirit-storm ;
 Sad and dread is the message they bear,
 Their look is terror,—their robes despair.

And thoughts there are of mien sublime
Which come from the far-off fields of time
And visit the heart, as they onward go,
To the home of eternity, calm and slow.

And there are thoughts of pressure, and pain,
Of slumbering griefs which long have lain
Unknown to our friends, except by the sigh,
The absent look, and the tearful eye.

And there are thoughts of gladsome birth
Which come on the wings of joy and mirth,
Filling the heart with laughter, and gladness,
Flowers which bloom in the midst of sadness.

And there are thoughts which ever keep
A faithful guard o'er mysteries deep ;
Nor hope, nor fear, nor pain, nor pleasure,
Can make them show their hidden treasure.

And thoughts there are which restless burn,
And strive, and strain, and twist, and turn,
Abiding still in perpetual strife,
Until express'd in some act of life.

So these thoughts are roaming, ever
Spurning all control;
Some enter and dwell in the heart for a time,
But all leave their mark on the soul.

THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.



THINGS impossible! what are they?
Who so bold and daring to say?
What has not been done may be done
to-day.

Each true man hath power, and skill,
By which he may make things bend to his will,
And conquer every form of ill.

Who is a craven? It is he
Who falters, and trembles, and turns to flee
When he doth but the face of danger see.

Who is a hero? The highborn soul
Who doth all adverse things control,
And presses on to reach the goal.

Who is a victor ? See him stand
The foremost of yon valiant band,
With victory's palm and sword in hand.

Were there no gales and squalls at sea,
Where would the skill of the mariner be
In guiding the ship in her liberty ?

Do not life's storms around us fall,
That we for strength on the Strong may call,
And do our best whate'er may befall ?

Were there no gloomy hours of night,
Who would watch and wait with straining sight,
To catch the first gleams of morning's light ?

Things call'd " impossible " are sent to try
The hidden powers which in us lie,
Far from the gaze of each human eye.

When conflicts come with wingèd feet,
In the strength of our God let us repeat,
" Victory we know—but not defeat."

“ THINGS UNLAWFUL TO UTTER.”

HERE are secrets between God and thee
Which thou mayst not to others tell,
Experiences of thy life with God,
On which thou mayst not dwell.


There are secrets between God and thee,
Oh, keep them with jealous care !
Speak them not to thy dearest friend,
But utter them only in prayer.

Thou hast joys, thou only canst know,
And sorrows, thou only canst bear,
And griefs, thou only canst speak
At the calm still hour of prayer.

Lock fast the door of thy heart,
Let no intruder in,
Thou hast heavenly treasures there ;
To discover them were a sin !

Let not the curious eye
Thy holy secrets see ;
If so, thou wilt lessen thy peace and joy,
For the secret of God is with thee.

GRAVE FLOWERS.

E plant sweet flowers round the graves
of our friends ;
Ah ! why do we plant them there ?

Is it to adorn the house of death,
And make it seem more fair ?

Do we act in death, as we act in life,
By strange devices try
To hide from our sight things as they are
By believing a pleasant lie ?

We plant sweet flowers round the graves of our
friends,

To show we have held them dear,
And their names to us are fragrant still
Though they are no longer here.

We plant sweet flowers round the graves of our
friends,
To show that as they bloom,
So faith and hope with prospect bright,
Still hover round the tomb.

These blooming flowers are a symbol of life ;
For awhile they beauty retain :
With autumnal winds they droop and die ;
In the spring they come again.

They are emblems of our holy faith,
They are preachers which declare
That " the sleeping ones shall rise again
And robes of glory wear."

And whenever we see those flowers grow,
The mystery of death is plain :—
As the flowers spring from lifelessness
So the dead shall rise again.

MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL.

WHO shall lift the veil of the heart,
 Or the curtains of the soul,
 Or stem the turbulent waves of grief
 Which over the spirit roll ?

Who can go with torch in hand,
 'Midst caverns of deep despair,
 Where unbelief his watch doth keep
 O'er the hiding-place of care ?

Who can measure reason's chain,
 Or discover its mystic fold,
 Or tell how 'tis warp'd round the curious brain
 With its links of silver and gold ?

Who can measure bold fancy's stride
 O'er vales, and mountains high,
 O'er peaceful lake, or ocean wide,
 Through air, and earth, and sky ?

Oh mysteries deep ! Oh mystic heart !
No man may break thy seal,
But God, who sees all secret things,
Can all thy thoughts reveal.

DREAM OF THE PILGRIM.



ROUND me fell the gloom of night,
No orb illumed the sky ;
And faintly beam'd my chamber's light,
While howling winds blew high.

A solemn stillness soon prevail'd,
Unbroken by a sound ;
My lips, as if in death, were seal'd
'Midst silence most profound.

Scarce did my eyes in slumber close,
Than all things changed did seem ;
And, in the arms of sweet repose,
I sank into a dream.

I saw an agèd pilgrim bend,
And upward lift his eye,
Praying, " Father God ! Thy Spirit send,
To bear me to yon sky."

His limbs were weak, his eyes were dim,
His brow was mark'd with care,
His step was slow, his form was bent,
And snow-white was his hair ;

And when I look'd, I thought I saw
Bright angels o'er him bend :
O'ershadow him with their outspread wings,
And all his steps attend.

The weary pilgrim bore his cross,
The angels held a crown
Suspended o'er his hoary head,
With laurel-wreaths around.

The pilgrim's fight was almost fought,
His race was almost run ;
It was evening, and he sat him down
To watch the setting sun.

I saw him kneel in fervent prayer,
Trembling with holy fear,
As if unearthly scenes were there,
And God Himself were near.

He saw the golden clouds o'erspread
The far-off western sky ;
Then thought upon the happy dead,
And pray'd that he might die.

I heard him thus in earnest tone
With God, his Father, plead ;
His face with heavenly lustre shone,
His soul from earth was freed.

And then a host of angels came,
With harps of shining gold,
And bore him, with triumphant songs,
Safely to Jesu's fold.

PROGRESS.

LET each step in life thou takest
 Be advancement on the last ;
 At the end of each day's journey,
 Thoughtfully review the past.

Let thine onward march be steady,
 Plant thy foot on ground secure ;
 For life's work be ever ready,
 Be thy motto, " Slow, but sure."


Walk, as one whose mind is thoughtful ;
 Life's great motto oft repeat ;
 Send thy hopes and wishes heavenward ;
 Keep the world beneath thy feet.

See that thou art progress making,
 While time's wingèd arrow flies ;
 Never for a moment swerving,
 From the pathway to the skies.

22 *The Immortality of Friendship.*


Leave behind thee deep-set footprints,
 On the ground which thou hast trod ;
So that men who walk behind thee
 Thus may trace the way to God.

THE IMMORTALITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

ELL us not this soul shall ever
 Cease to live and know ;
Or that ever death shall sever
 Hearts that love below.

Tell us not our heart shall languish
 In a sense of lonely pain,
Or that parted friends and precious
 We shall never see again.

What care we, should death arrest us,
 Prisoners in the King's great Name,
Coming is the hour when we shall
 Put the tyrant Death to shame.



We have stood beside our loved ones,
We have watch'd them pine and die :
Ah ! we could not keep them with us,
We could not death's power defy.

We have borne the casket broken
Where the jewel was enclosed,
And with solemn step, and silent,
Left it where the dead reposed.

We have known that Thou hast taken,
With most tender loving care,
That bright jewel from its casket,
In thy regal crown to wear.

Why should we repine and murmur ?
Surely, Lord ! it was thine own,
In that Thou to us didst lend it,
Thou hast tender mercy shown.

Well we know, alas ! too often
Here the cup of joy is spilt,
But a sweeter cup Thou'lt give us,
Father God ! we know Thou wilt !

24 *The Immortality of Friendship.*

Here our souls are rent asunder,
Here our hearts with grief are torn,
But in glorious worlds up yonder
We shall cease to weep and mourn.

Cold and lifeless are men's theories
Of the better life to come :
God, we humbly thank and bless Thee
Thou hast said 'twill be our home.

There's a voice within us speaking,
Counteracting each dark fear ;
When we hear its sound, we quickly
Wipe away the briny tear.

Ah ! that voice is thine, our Father,
Well we know its heavenly tone ;
Often doth its sacred music
Soothe and cheer us, when alone.

Is not love's great flame immortal ?
Will it not for ever burn ?
What can smoulder, stay, or quench it,
Or its onward current turn ?

Wilt not Thou, oh loving Father,
All our long-lost hearts restore?
And in deathless love unite us,
Never to be parted more.

And the tiny flowers which budded,
But on earth would not remain,
These dear little ones, and lovèd,
Will they not be ours again?

Will not all that death hath broken
Be bound up in life once more?
Hast not Thou in kindness spoken
Thou wilt all things yet restore?

Yes, we shall, with songs triumphant,
Rise from deepest shades of gloom;
And with effort, strong and mighty,
Burst the barriers of the tomb:

And with loved and dear companions
Of this life of toil and care,
Shall not we behold Thy glory,
And the joys of Heaven share?

26 *The Immortality of Friendship.*

Where no shades of sorrow linger,
Where no seeds of death are sown ;
Where no shatter'd broken cages
Show the spirit-bird is flown ;

Where the sun's meridian glory
Ne'er gives place to darkness drear,
And no signs of gathering tempest
In Heaven's cloudless skies appear.


Father God ! these deathless yearnings
For the objects of our love,
Are not they the holy earnest
Of the better life above ?

Nought on earth can e'er supply them,
They on wings ethereal fly,
Longing for the blest reunion,
Far beyond the starry sky.

God of Gods ! 'tis Thou hast made them,
In our hearts they restless burn ;
They are exiles from Thy bosom,
And to Thee they shall return.

Ah ! we know that Thou wilt give us,
In Thy love, the hearts we prize,
And that kindred souls in gladness
Yet shall meet above the skies.

NO !

 F thou art a man, prudent and wise,
Thou wilt never in doubt thy feelings
disguise ;

But, when thou art press'd in sin to go,
Thou wilt kindly, but firmly answer, No !

When men entreat thee untruth to defend,
Or ask what is not thine own to expend,
Be sure that, in kindness, you let them know
You can boldly and firmly answer, No !

There is many a story, sad to tell,
Of men who were tempted, stumbled, and fell,
By no false friend or bitter foe,
But their hearts unable to answer, No !

Dark are the crimes, and deep the stains,
Dreadful the losses, and cursed the gains
Of many, whose keenest and heaviest woe
Has been their fearing to answer, No !

To be a man is great to be,
To possess one's soul in calm majesty,
And in fearlessness to let men know
We can kindly, but firmly answer, No !

Speak it with caution, say it with care,
Speak it in faith, and say it in prayer,
And God will His choicest blessings bestow
On those who to evil answer, No !



THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.



OUR life's a mystery, deep and dread,
 Which none may understand;
 And yet we often fondly dream
 Of some far Fatherland.

Our heart oft tells a saddening tale
 Of pilgrimage and woe,
 And many a year of exile here,
 Through which we all must go.

Just like the tale, we've often heard,
 Of the beautiful sea-shell
 Which knew the mysteries of the sea,
 But never would them tell.

And when we've ask'd it to confide,
 To our strain'd listening ear,
 Strange stories of the stormy deep,
 And caverns dark and drear,

It has mock'd us with its mystic sounds
And musical refrain,
Its sighings and its yearnings,
Which no language can explain ;

Still we've thought it sometimes murmur'd
The name of " Mother sea,"
While it whisper'd, " Oh, I'm longing
Again to come to thee !"

So our hearts withhold the story,
And their swelling thoughts control,
And refuse to breathe a whisper
Of the mystery of the soul.

Yet, though they will not tell us
Of the origin of life,
Of the spirit's awful secrets,
And its agonizing strife,

Still, like shells, we hear them calling
To life's vast and boundless sea,
While with every pulse they utter,
" We are coming soon to thee."

SHE SEEMED AS ONE THAT SLEPT

THEY paced her room with silent tread,
 They knew not that her spirit had fled,
 Nor dream'd that her beautiful form was
 dead.

In that dim room not a whisper rose,
 Lest they should disturb her calm repose ;
 But she slept the sleep which no waking knows.

They gazed on each other, but nothing said ;
 Yet in that pale face the truth they read,
 Though none of them dared to think she was dead.

The angels down from heaven came,
 With outstretch'd wings and robes of flame,
 Her spirit for their Lord to claim.

The air is not stirr'd by the angels' wings,
 Not a note is heard of the song they sing,
 Not a whisper is heard of the message they bring.

32 *She seemed as One that slept.*

She listen'd with joy to the summons they read,
Her spirit assented to what they said,
In the silence of death she bow'd her head.


A moment had pass'd, and her spirit had striven
To make its escape, and the heart had riven,
Then ascended on angels' wings to Heaven.

But they watch'd her still with anxious eye,
Nothing was heard save the stifled sigh;
They knew not her spirit was wafted on high.

The struggle was over,—yet not a breath,
Or sob, or sigh, or spirit wraith
Had given a sign of the presence of death.

Her lips were closed, but a placid smile
Did even a mother's eye beguile,
To think she was sleeping all the while.

But nothing that long, long sleep shall break,
Till the trump of God the dead shall wake,
And the saints their bodies from death shall take.



SYMBOLS OF THE HEART.



HE heart is a harp, oft wet with tears,
As it tells the tale of other years.

The heart is a lake, where, in life's weather,
Joy and sorrow strive together.

The heart is a drum, for ever beating
Life's advancing or retreating.

The heart is a bell, for ever swinging,
In grief, or gladness, ever ringing.

The heart is a home, in which dwells sadness,
Hope, and fear, and love, and madness.

The heart is a field, in which we sow
Seeds of thought, which ever grow.

Oh, the heart is a harp, and a lake, and a bell,
And a field in which thoughts grow ;
But all its pictures, and symbols, and types,
No human mind doth know.

FORMS OF BEAUTY.

WE have slept, as the forms of beauty sleep,
 In every leaf and flower,
 In the ample folds of the peaceful clouds,
 In evening's silent hour. .

We have slept, as the forms of beauty sleep,
 In the clustering leaves of the vine,
 In the foliage green of the forest deep,
 In colour, and curvèd line.

We have slept, as the forms of beauty sleep,
 'Midst waving fields of corn,
 We have trembled, and blush'd in the tiny buds,
 As we've felt the breath of morn.

We have slept, as the forms of beauty sleep,
 In sea, and lake, and rill,
 In the wild, wild glen, in the valley deep,
 And on the sloping hill.

We have slept, as the forms of beauty sleep,
In stainless beds of snow ;
And again we have pass'd into other forms
As we've felt the sun's warm glow.

We have slept, as the forms of beauty sleep,
In robes of frost array'd,
And have bathed ourselves in the silvery spray
Of the gracefully-arch'd cascade.

We have slept, as the forms of beauty sleep,
In spars of spangled sheen,
And in the deep, deep mines of earth,
E'en there may we be seen.

We have gather'd ourselves to the far, far west,
To await the setting sun ;
With him we have laid us down to rest,
When his daily work was done.

We have slept, as the forms of beauty sleep,
On the brow of each orb so bright,
In delicate tints, and fringes of gold
On the mantle of morning's light.

And we have been where nought is seen
But boundless sea and sky ;
Where nought is heard but the constant boom
Of the ocean billows high.


We have woven our shroud of the tempest cloud,
And have danced with laughing glee,
'Midst lightning's flames and thunders loud,
Where dwells deep mystery.

We have robed our form, 'midst the raging storm,
With mantles of dazzling light,
We have deck'd our brow with sparkling gems,
And our scarf is the rainbow bright.

In the opening bud of the fragrant rose,
We have slept the live-long night,
And wept with the dew, whose crystal tears
Have shone in the morning light.

We sleep, as the forms of beauty sleep,
In all that God hath made ;
And in every work of His mighty hand
Is our varying form display'd.

SILENT ELOQUENCE.

HOU hast not speech :
 Thou canst not tell the thrilling tale,
 Nor make thy words as masters,
 Strong to rule the heart.

No silvery speech
 Glides gently from thy lips,
 Nor soft persuasive accents
 Canst thou claim.

No mind
 Has yielded to thy power of reason,
 No soul submitted to thy mental force,
 No spirit has been willing captive led
 By thine appeal.

Thou canst not
 Wake at will the sleeping passions
 Of the human soul,
 And make them all subservient ministers
 To do thy purpose.

Nor canst thou, at thy bidding,
Make the tide of human sympathy to ebb and flow ;
Yet thou hast power, and thou hast language,
And thou hast eloquence.

Speechless thou art, 'tis true,
Yet, though thou canst not speak,
Thy quiet look, thy lofty peaceful brow,
Thy courteous manners, thy noble bearing,
Thy gentleness of spirit, thy chasten'd mind,
Thy charity of heart,—ah ! these
Have utterance, far more sublimely eloquent,
Than all the endless forms of human speech.



THIS CHANGEFUL LIFE.

I.

LIFE is not what it seem'd
 When I was young ;
 I hear no music in the song
 Which once I sung.

The same world lies around me,
 But how changed ;
 Thoughts once to me familiar
 Are now estranged.

These eyes are still the same ;
 But oh ! I see
 Strange visions of the soul
 Appear to me.

The pictures are the same
 Upon the wall ;
 But different lights and shades
 Around them fall.

II.

Even youthful friends
Are not the same ;
If ere we knew each other,
'Twas in a dream.

Our paths in life
Are so far apart ;
Tongue answereth not to tongue,
Nor heart to heart.

When last we parted
We happy were ;
But now, we meet
Oppress'd with care.

We left each other
In childhood's guise,
We meet again
Prudent and wise.

Life's glass is colour'd,
A different hue
All things hath clothed,
Since we bid adieu.

That life hath changed
We know too well,
Our heart, our soul,
Our life doth tell.

III.

No longer childhood's fears alarm,
And boyhood's joys have lost their charm.

The childhood of life hath pass'd away,
We stand on manhood's heights to-day.

The bud hath burst in a full-blown flower,
The scanty drops have become a shower,

The tiny rose of life hath blown,
The laughing boy hath serious grown ;

The little stream grows a mighty river :
Thus the current of life progresseth ever.

There is nought abiding,—life, so wide,
Is but a changeful restless tide.

.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

BESIDE an empty cradle sat
A youthful mother fair;
But a few short days had pass'd away
Since a baby form slept there.

And she had sat by that cradle oft
With a mother's pride and joy,
And thank'd her God for His precious gift
Of her "own sweet baby-boy."

Ah! but too well she remember'd her babe,
With its lovely angel smile,
Its mirth and playfulness which did
Her lonely hours beguile.

And that mother sat in silent grief,
And not one word spake she;
She wrung her hands and compress'd her lips,
For keen was her agony.

And she sat by that cradle, lone and still,
With vacant, wandering eye ;
And oft she utter'd, in murmuring tones,
“ Why did my baby die ?”

* * * * *

But that mother sat by that cradle no more ;
Though pale and wan was she,
The struggle was o'er, her mind was calm,
And her heart from sorrow free.

For she had learn'd that her Father in heaven
Had come in mercy and love,
And taken her babe, from a world of sin,
To dwell in bright mansions above.

And whenever that mother kneels in prayer,
She feels a heavenly joy ;
And she blesses her Father in heaven, who took
Her “ own sweet baby-boy.”

DISTRESS AT SEA.

VE are on the ocean lonely,
 And Heaven can help us only ;
 For the sleet and snow
 Around us blow,
 And God can guide us only.

Speed the vessel slowly,
 Speak in accents lowly,
 Our vessel, we fear,
 The rocks is near,
 And we may perish wholly.

Is yon some welcome land,
 Or ominous shifting sand,
 Rearing its head
 From the ocean bed,
 At death's dread command ?


We have sail'd all night so drearily,
Perplex'd, fatigued, and wearily,
O God ! where shall we steer ?
Our compass-needles veer ;
Fast falls the drifting snow ;
'Midst keen suspense and woe
We know not where to go,—
God help us cheerily.

The dark horizon clears,
Ho ! yonder a light appears ;
But its pale, pale gleam
Throws a death-like stream
Around us all,
While for help we call,
And try to quell our fears.

* * * *

List ! 'tis the passing bell,
Pealing the solemn knell,
On the far-off shore,
For those who wake no more,
Who have gone to sleep
In the mighty deep,
And will guide the ship no more.

WORK AND WAIT.


 HERE'S a song I would ever in cheer-
 fulness sing,
 It is fitted for every state,
 The music is set by each noble heart,
 The words are, " Work and wait."

The husbandman sings as he scatters his grain,
 Whether seasons be early or late,
 He trusts to his God for the sun and the rain,
 While he sings, " I will work and wait."

The sculptor, with hammer and chisel, stands
 Before some master-piece great ;
 His work is hard, his task is long,
 But he knows how to " work and wait."

The hero gazes on fortune's hour,
 While he grasps the reins of fate,
 And trusts for success in a higher Power,
 While he sings, " I will work and wait."

The flowers of thought do not bloom in a day,
Our hearts with joy to elate,
But they come in a silent and gradual way,
While they teach us to "work and wait."

THE HEART'S PEACE.



NE day a heart lay sleeping
In the quietude of life ;
Its slumbers were unbroken
By sorrow, care, or strife :

But near, and nearer to it,
A threatening sin-cloud rose,
And its dark and awful shadow
Disturb'd that heart's repose.

Then wakeful, sad, and restless,
In feverishness it lay,
Wondering why its peace was broken
So early in life's day.

But that cloud came near and nearer,
And its sombre shadow fell,
And it grew still drear and drearer,
Like some unearthly spell.

Then that sad heart sigh'd and struggled
'Midst an atmosphere of care,
Which grew still dense and denser,
Till no ray of light was there.

And it sat in darkness, waiting
In doubt and anguish keen,
But yet could not discover
What this dark sin-cloud could mean.

Then the air grew more oppressive,
While that heart was fill'd with fear,
And everything gave token
The pending storm was near.

And the angry clouds were riven,
And the vivid lightnings shone,
And the furious storm descended
On that poor heart alone.

Then I saw it faint and trembling,
And heard it feebly cry
For human help and succour,
Until the storm pass'd by ;

But no one saw its weakness,
And no one heard its moan,
Still the storm fell thick, and faster
On that poor heart alone.


Then, wounded, bruised, and bleeding,
I saw it prostrate lie ;
But the succour which it wanted
None but Jesus could supply.

So He came in love, and pity,
And the storm was hush'd, and still,
And He made that heart submissive
To His gracious sovereign will.

He heal'd its wounds and bruises,
And He took away its pain,
And of sin, and guilt, and sorrow,
He took away the stain.

Then a new joy thrill'd within it,
And it loved the world no more,
And its peace was tenfold better
Than the peace it had before.

THE CONVENT SISTER'S SONG.

OT within the convent walls,
In girdle, hood, or gown,
Nor in the narrow and gloomy cell,
Can the heart's true peace be found.

No solitude, however deep,
Nor solemn vesper prayers,
Can lull the sorrows of life to sleep,
Or cover, or drown its cares ;

For every heart hath a world of its own,
And, dark as that world may be,
We each must dwell in that world alone,
Nor can we from it flee.

There are evil thoughts which haunt us still,
They are with us by night and day,
Nor monk, nor priest, nor holy friar
Can drive those thoughts away ;

Nor incantation, spell, or charm,
Can our hearts from evil keep ;
Nor mystic beads, nor cross of stone
Can send our sins to sleep ;

Nor the plaintive wail, in the moonlight pale,
Of the convent sister's song,
Can stay our tears, or dispel our fears,
Or make us happy long ;

Nor the matin bell, whose chime doth tell
'Tis the hour for holy prayer,
Can us relieve from thoughts which grieve,
And our hearts and spirits wear.

'Tis vain, 'tis vain, to strive to fly
From the changing forms of ill ;
We carry them with us ; they deep, deep lie
In our spirit, heart, and will.

'Tis God alone who from His throne
Can us from sin defend,
And only He can our poor hearts free
From the sorrows which them rend.

REPUTATION.

I.



SAY to thee, young man, the road of life
Lies through strange glens, and dales
of care and strife.

Thou art a pilgrim, so thou must prepare,
The cup of sorrow and of joy to share.

When lowering skies appear, in storms array'd,
And threat'ning clouds draw near, be not afraid.

When bitter foes revile, and throw the dart
With venom pointed, shield thy heart.

Be calm, be self-possess'd, and nothing fear,
Should the storm be gathering, thy God is near.

II.

The ship on yonder sands, by billows cast,
Amidst contending forces, rights herself at last.

The oak-tree's roots, by violent winds unbound,
Become more firmly settled in the ground.

Yon angry waves, which madly lash the shore,
Retire, and leave it lovelier than before.

Should weeds, and thorns, with angry words, oppose,
And say the beauteous bloom hath left the rose ;

Should stinging wasp, or bee with noisy bell,
Declare yon fragrant flower hath lost its smell ;

What will those baseless charges all avail ?
The blooming rose, and fragrant flower will still
prevail.

III.

What needst thou care, though foes deride,
And show, in bitter words, their wounded pride ?

Be calm, be silent, let them vent their rage,
Naught but exhaustion will their ire assuage.

This write upon thy heart, against alarm,
“ If God be for me, none can harm.”

And know, that those who character assail
Will of their dark, malicious purpose fail ;

Their deep designs of malice God shall foil,
Their bitterest curses shall upon themselves recoil ;

And their own hearts shall writhe in bitterest pain,
While they discover loss, where all seem'd gain ;


Their own opprobrious names themselves shall wear,
And they shall trip, and fall in their own snare.

IV.

To men perverse and crooked, little say,
All reason, truth, and sense, must bend to their own
way ;

But thou, oh man, on uprightness depend,
Let God and truth thy character defend.

Believe thou this,—itself is proof,
Who injures character cares not for truth.



To combat with such steadfastly refuse,
They may have character to gain, but nought to
lose.

Thyself defend by a far nobler art,
The conscious uprightness of thy life and heart.

Thus, on the arm of God in peace repose,
And those shall be thy friends who once were foes.

Be kind to all men, this ever know,—
“ He weakest is who strikes the blow.”

V.

E'en those who listen to the envenom'd tale,
To mark the slanderer never fail ;

And soon, with recognition cold, they pass him by,
And know him as the vendor of a lie.

A chill comes with his presence,—none will speak
Before him, or the painful silence break.

When he is near, men all their thoughts control,
And cover o'er the secrets of their soul.

When he interrogates, men nothing know,
But answer by a simple "Yes" or "No."

They feel as if some blighting breath were near,
And one by one they quickly disappear.

VI.

E'en should this not be so, this truth repeat,—
"The triumph of the slanderer is defeat."

'Tis worse than vain, with men of no repute,
To condescend their charges to refute.

Their slanders live not, shouldst thou not give
 them life
By conflict with them in the field of strife.

Christ-like forbearance is a nobler thing,
And their own deeds will retribution bring.

OUR LOVING FATHER'S CARE.



GOD seeks thee in the early morn,
 And tunes thy heart with gladness ;
 He comes to thee at the close of day,
 And drives away thy sadness.

He leads thee as a little child,
 Thy feeble footsteps guiding
 Along the straight and narrow way
 That leads to bliss abiding.

He spreads His mercies round thee still,
 Like flowers thy path bestrewing,
 And keeps thee in affliction's hour,
 Thy fainting strength renewing.

He like a mother o'er thee bends,
 His loving service tending,
 And soothes thy heart with gentle words,
 When grief thy soul is rending.

He cools thy hot and burning brow,
When feverish dreams are breaking
The brief repose thou fain wouldst have,
* Before to pain awaking.

He clasps His loving hand in thine,
Thy heart 'midst sadness cheering,
With many a bright and welcome sign
That thou thy home art nearing.

He comes to pour His healing balm
Upon thy heart when bleeding,
And is ever standing by thy side
When thou His help art needing.



HARP OF LIFE.

HARP of life, thy chords are broken,
 Though thou hast often sweetly spoken,
 There is not the feeblest token
 Of sweet music left in thee.

Grief hath all thy chords unstrung,
 And in silence bound thy tongue,
 Life's songs are no longer sung
 By my heart, and thee.

But should thy chords ere speak again,
 It may be in a wild refrain,
 Of some lingering mental pain,
 Which abideth ever.

Now not one note, or plaintive tone,
 They'll utter, save these words alone,
 In fitful wild discordant moan,
 " I never shall be free."

RESIGNATION TO GOD'S WILL.

WHATE'ER of earthly good
 Thy will denies,
 The blessings Thou dost give
 Teach us to prize.

Where'er our lot is cast,
 By land or sea,
 From life's rude stormy blast
 To thee we flee.

Oh, let us never judge,
 Nor dare to try,
 The wisdom of thy plans
 By reason's eye!

And teach us this to know,
 By faith we stand,
 That storms and tempests blow
 At Thy command.

Give us submissive hearts
To all Thy will ;
When Thou dost lift the rod
Let us be still.

Oh, let us murmur not,
Nor e'er repine ;
But heart, and soul, and life
To Thee resign !

And still upon us smile,
And ever take
Our sin and guilt away,
For Jesu's sake.



TO MUSIC.



H, sacred tones of music sweet,
So soothing to my soul,
Responsively my heart repeats
Thoughts it cannot control !

My spirit yearns with yours to blend,
Oh, subtle mystic sound,
In which all sweetest symphonies
And harmonies abound !

Oh, when I hear thy plaintive wail,
My sad thoughts are exprest ;
No words of mine could better tell
How much I long for rest !

And when thy quiet, peaceful strain
Glides gently through my heart,
I long to know the hidden power
And mystery of thine art.

Or when some silent chord is touch'd,
And vibrates all alone,
My soul is calm and peaceful then,
And answers tone for tone.

And when thy grandeur thrills my heart,
Its streams of feeling flow,
And to the everlasting hills
Its pure affections go.



NEVER DESPAIR!



EVER despair ! there is hope for thee
 still,
 The lamp of thy life is yet burning ;
 Set to like a man, and work with a will,—
 The tide of thy fortune is turning.

Never despair ! dark as may seem
 The clouds which around thee are falling,
 In life's deepest night one faint beam of light
 To thy heart is in hopefulness calling.

Never despair ! for thou art a man,
 In conflict is thy pride and thy glory ;
 And when thou hast won, and the battle is done,
 How joyful will then be life's story.

Never despair ! all yet will be right,
 The sky of thy life will be clearer ;
 The hour when thy gloom shall give place to the
 light
 Is fast drawing nearer and nearer.

Never despair, thou man with a soul !
Give up in despondency ? never !
Put forth thy best efforts, and trust in thy God,
Who will write thee a victor, for ever.

CONTRAST.



HOSE souls that share the purest joys
Are oft by grief opprest,
And hallow'd peace oft dwells near by
The valley of unrest.

The blackest clouds oft flit across
Yon bright and peerless sky ;
And sweetest sounds oft mingle with
The soul's despairful cry.

For every deep and bleeding wound
There is some healing balm,
And every threat'ning angry storm
Is follow'd by a calm.

66 *The Power of Unspoken Thought.*

There is in every soul the germ
Of sad and pale-faced sorrow ;
For years it may grow in the heart unseen,
Or bud and bloom on the morrow.

There is in every heart a hope
Which triumphs over sadness,
And takes away the sting of pain,
And turns our grief to gladness.

THE POWER OF UNSPOKEN
THOUGHT.




HERE'S a power in life no eye hath
seen,
A work that no hand hath wrought,
Yet it burns its image on the soul ;—
'Tis the power of unspoken thought.

Our lives are form'd by the things we see,
And the lessons we are taught ;
But nothing can fashion and mould the soul
Like the power of unspoken thought.

'Tis the hidden source of many a joy,
Though oft with pain 'tis fraught;
Yet the strongest power over heart and life
Is the power of unspoken thought.


MAKE SURE OF THE WAY.

AKE sure of the way, there is many a
turning,
And stile, and narrow lane,
Where travellers stray, and seldom
Can find life's path again.

There is many a nook, and corner, and bend,
And beautiful fairy dell,
Where weary pilgrims rest and sleep
Beneath the tempter's spell.

There are shady bowers adorn'd with flowers,
And fountains streaming ever;
But he who loiters and lingers there,
At heaven arriveth never.

SLEEP ON.

LEEP on, sleep on, thou mourner,
 For sorrowful art thou,
 Some inward grief is throwing
 Dark shadows on thy brow.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou fragile form,
 Nor wake to woe and pain ;
 While thou dost sleep, the ruthless storm
 Breaks o'er thy soul in vain.

Sleep on, thou child of sorrow,
 Thy life is full of care ;
 Thou know'st not that to-morrow
 More grief to thee will bear.

Sleep on, sleep on, poor child of sin,
 While pain and doubt and woe
 Are standing near to raise thy fear,
 And make thy tears o'erflow.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou feeble one,

But, should thy slumber break,

The God of love thy guardian is,

When sleeping or awake.

TRY !



RY ! try ! try !

This word is the magic of life ;

Oh ! what can its mighty power defy,

Or vanquish it in the strife ?

Try ! try ! try !

Is the true alchymist that lives

Amongst us still, and with hearty goodwill

A reward for labour gives.

Try ! try ! try !

Is the word of the warrior brave,

As his glittering spear on yon fort appears,

While he seeks a hero's grave.

Try ! try ! try !

Is heard in the breaker's roar,
As it wakes from sleep in the stormy deep,
And struggles to reach the shore.

Try ! try ! try !

Is the voice of the mariner's hail,
As he calls to the crew of the drifting ship
To turn her bow to the gale.

Try ! try ! try !

Is the music of life's great psalm ;
Its silvery tone should ever be known
As the soul's most healing balm.

Try ! try ! try !

Is the motto of each true man,
As he walks in the rear of the army of life,
Or nobly leads the van.

Try ! try ! try !

Is the word of the earnest will,
As with aim sublime it tries to climb
To the summit of life's high hill.

Try! try! try!

Is the word of the great and wise,
The secret of all success in life,
And the ladder which mounts the skies.

THE WARNING.



O hidden care thy spirit knows,
No sorrow breaks thy heart's repose,
Like gentle stream of flowing river,
Thy soul's life-thoughts flow on for ever.
Ah! well it will be, if always thou
Hast no dark grief to shade thy brow;
No secret source of mental pain,
No spirit-song of saddening strain,
No fear of evil to allay,
No falling tears to wipe away.
If in thy heart flowers ever spring,
And bells of joy for ever ring,
And songs of gladness, sweet and low,
Are undisturb'd by sounds of woe.

Ah ! thou mayst not expect to be
From life's deep sorrows always free ;
Thou must pass through the darkening cloud,
With trembling heart, in sorrow bow'd,
 And mad with cruel pain :
Before thou climb'st the mountains high,
Which lead to worlds beyond the sky,
 Where thou shalt peace obtain.

LOITERING ON THE STRAND.



OUR boat is on the water,
But we loiter on the strand ;
And we cast a long last lingering look
On our dear native land.

The ebbing billows offer
To bear our boat away ;
But we beg, and plead, and reason,
A little while to stay.

And a nameless dread comes o'er us
As we hear the splashing oar ;
The signal that our boat is off
To some far distant shore.

And the land fades from our vision,
Till but a speck is seen
In the far-off dim horizon,
And the ocean lies between.

Thus our boat bounds o'er the billows
Of the swiftly-ebbing tide,
Till a restless world of waters
Is seen on every side.

Then the heart is still and silent,
But it pants, and yearns the more,
Again to embrace its kindred heart
On the swiftly-fading shore.

And an awful sense steals o'er it
Of loneliness and pain ;
It mourns its separation,
And longs to return again.

Oh ! is not this life's picture
When the hour of death seems nigh ?
To loiter on the shores of life
How many shifts we try.

We fear to cross death's dread, dread sea,
To the unknown mystic land,
And have many a sad and sorrowful thought,
As our boat waits on life's strand.

EVENING BELLS.



HIME on ! chime on ! ye evening bells,
With melodizing sway ;
There is something soothing to my heart
In your sweet plaintive lay ;

Your notes fall on the silent air,
And gently die away ;
But oh ! how well ye call to mind
The joys of life's young day.

Chime on ! chime on ! ye evening bells,
There is music in your tone
Which only those can understand
Who joy and grief have known.

Chime on ! chime on ! ye evening bells,
My heart hath felt your spell,
And dream'd of more beneath your chime
Than human lips could tell.

Chime on ! chime on ! ye evening bells,
Remembrancers of pain,
Of happy scenes of childhood's days,
Which ne'er can come again.



DIVERSITY OF THOUGHTS.



SOME dwell in the silent bowers of the
heart,
Some weep o'er memory's graves,
Some sit in royal robes of state,
Whilst others stand as slaves.

Some revel in their freedom,
And some, securely chain'd,
Lie, as base felons, tied and bound
With cords which guilt hath stain'd.

Some bent on deeds of darkness,
Can never look above ;
Some fly, with lightning's swiftness,
On errands of peace and love.

Some try to disentangle
The ravelling threads of life,
Some calm life's troubled waters,
Some sow the seeds of strife.

Some live in the living present,
Some cling to the dying past,
Some long for the "glorious future"
Which may never come at last.

And each one has his calling,
And all their work to do :
And the thoughts of the heart are legion,
Though the joys of the heart are few.

TRANSFORMATION.



GRAIN of corn once gently slept
Beneath the fertile soil,
But by-and-bye its slumbering power
Awoke to life awhile.

It burst the casket of its life,
And kiss'd the balmy air,
It crept beneath the heavy clod,
Most beautiful and fair.


It strain'd and yearn'd to reach the light,
E'en though the faintest gleam ;
But it danced with joy as it felt the warmth
Of the sun's soft golden beam.

The germs of its inner life sprang forth,
While it felt the light and shade :
And the new life came from the old, as was seen
In the bud and tender blade.

A life was taken, and a life was given,
For the angel of death was there ;
But the angel of life in mercy came,
And he gave a life more fair.

Then sorrow not for the sleeping dead
Who long in the earth have lain ;
For the hour shall come when the dead in Christ
To life shall rise again.

The body, sown in dishonour and shame,
In another form shall live ;
And more glorious far than the former life
Is the life which God shall give.



BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

BE true to thyself, nor e'er seek to borrow
 The name, the thoughts, or the life of
 another ;

To imitate others, at best, is but pelf,—
 Whate'er may befall thee, be true to thyself.

Be true to thy heart, with its pleasure and pain,
 Its hopes and its fears, its loss and its gain,
 Its instincts, its yearnings, its choices so dear,
 Its deep-rooted faith and devotion sincere.

Be true to thy mind,—with its knowledge and light;
 Be true to thy conscience,—its sense of the right;
 Be true to thy feelings, convictions, and aim,
 Pursuing a course unattended with blame.

Be true to thyself, for though all men are brothers,
 God has made thee very different from others;
 Thy heart hath its records it only can bear,
 Thy soul hath an image it only can wear.

Be true to thyself, in life's critical hour
Still keep for thy motto, " self-reliance is power ;"
And scorn mean subservience to rank and to wealth,
But trust in thy God, and be true to thyself!

CHILD OF THE SEA.

BEAUTIFUL ship, thy sails are spread,
No gathering storms hang o'er thy head,
By the gentle breeze thou art borne
along,
Beating time to the ocean's song.

Beautiful ship, I see thee ride
On the foaming crest of the flowing tide,
Cleaving the waters, unfetter'd and free,
Beautiful, beautiful child of the sea.

Beautiful ship, where hast thou been ?
In distant seas what hast thou seen ?
By foreign shores though long thou hast lain,
Thou art welcome to thy port again.

Beautiful ship, thou art no more toss'd,
Thy voyage is over, the bar is cross'd,
From the storms of the deep for awhile thou art
free,
Beautiful, beautiful child of the sea.

Beautiful ship, whenever I see
Thy sails unfurl'd on the boundless sea ;
I think of the time, when through crested foam,
My shatter'd bark shall reach her home.

THE PARTING HOUR.



OW sad the parting hour,
When kindred hearts are clinging,
In the solitude of some peaceful bower,
While the evening bells are ringing.

How deep is the sigh of sorrow
Which comes from that aching heart,
As it dwells on the word " to-morrow,"
And knows the dearest must part.

The sun, in his glory, is setting,
And refuses one moment to stay ;
While a thousand fond hearts are regretting
To see his last lingering ray.

And so with the friends we love dearest,
They are suns in our life for awhile ;
And, when seasons are dullest and drearest,
They light up our path with their smile.

They are with us in times of sadness,
They are with us in scenes of delight ;
And our hearts are united in gladness
While our days are joyous and bright.


But oh ! a gloom steals o'er us,
And clouds of sorrow fall,
And life's dark storm breaks o'er us,
As we hear the parting call.

Then comes the hour of parting,
With throbbing heart, and tears,
And a thousand memories starting
From the graves of other years ;

They enter our hearts unbidden,
We cannot say them, Nay,
Though they whisper, in tones of sadness,
“ Life is passing away.”

We clasp the hand that leaves us,
Repress the rising sigh ;
Then nerve ourselves with courage,
And say the word, “ Good-bye.”

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

HILE in life's green fragrant bower,
Cull the sweet from every flower ;
Be not idle, watch the bee
Buzzing still from plant to tree,
Heavy laden with the spoil
Of her hard unceasing toil.

See the river rolls along,
Singing still its murmuring song ;

See the sun's resplendent ray
Tinge with gold its foaming spray ;
While its many waters cry,
“ Onward press to worlds on high.”

See the mountains, bleak and high,
Pointing upward to the sky,
While the eagle, screaming shrill,
Boldly rises higher still ;
To us saying, in his flight,
“ Keep the heavenly world in sight.”

Watch the ebbing, flowing tide,
Where the ships majestic ride ;
See the bold impetuous wave
Fiercely roll where tempests rave,
While it revels in the song,
“ Ever, ever onward, on !”

See the moon her course pursue
Through the deep ethereal blue,
Mark her vast and solemn train
Moving o'er the heavenly plain,
While their silence seems to say,
“ Still press on the heavenly way.”

Linger not upon the road
Leading up from earth to God ;
But with holy ardour run,
Every hinderance daily shun,
And life's highway boldly tread,
O'er the footprints of the dead.

Onward press, and upward climb,
Still believing heaven is thine ;
Seize each moment as it flies,
Keep thine eye upon the prize,
Never rest till it is won,
Till you hear the words, " well done."

THE SPIRIT'S WILD WOE.



H ! who can measure the joys of the soul?
Or fathom the spirit's wild woe ?
Or who can reveal the thoughts which
steal

Into hearts where passions glow ?


You may find out the hidden paths of life,
And tell whence the rivers flow ;
But you cannot measure the joys of the soul,
Or fathom the spirit's wild woe.

You may measure the distance from star to star,
And many mysteries know ;
But you cannot measure the joys of the soul,
Or fathom the spirit's wild woe.

You may list to the surgings of the heart,
When its waves dash to and fro ;
But you cannot measure the joys of the soul,
Or fathom the spirit's wild woe.

There are those who easily glide through life,
And little of sorrow know ;
They rarely grieve, and scarcely believe
There is such a thing as woe :

But let them remain painless 'midst pain,
And 'midst trials scathless go ;
Yet none can measure the joys of the soul,
Or fathom the spirit's wild woe.



THE FLOWERET AND ITS TEACHINGS.



OME into the garden, come with me,
 And let us look around,
 And view the signs of awakening life,
 Wherever they are found.

The buds and blossoms thick appear,
 And, may-hap, we now can find
 Some angel-flower, while we linger here,
 To give new light to the mind.

Thou art sore perplex'd by various doubts,
 Thou seek'st in vain to know
 What feeble man can ne'er attain,
 And Heaven will ne'er bestow.

See ! here is a tiny flower at our feet,
 With a mantle of changeful hue ;
 Suppose we study its form for awhile,
 And all its beauties view.

88 *The Floweret and its Teachings.*

You ask whence this lovely floweret came,
 With its rainbow colours bright,
It shall tell you its own strange history,
 While you listen with delight:—

“ I slept for a time in the bosom of earth,
 And nothing of life did know,
Till the quickening power of the angel of life
 Made the current of life to flow.

“ And I felt life’s workings and stirrings within,
 And I wonder’d what these might be:
I felt the present, I knew not the past,
 And no visible power could see.

“ Still I felt the increasing thrill of life,
 In the womb of earth where I lay,
Bearing me on, with resistless force,
 To the dawn of life’s first day.

“ Then I freed myself from the crumbling mould,
 And peep’d above the sod,
And soon I blossom’d, and bloom’d, and became
 An angel-flower of God.

“ But one thing yet, that baffles thought,
A mystery deep, I ween,
I have felt life’s power, but cannot tell
How all these things have been.

“ It is a secret which to know
I never, never try ;
’Tis enough for me I live and bloom
Beneath my Father’s eye.”

HEAVENWARD.



HEAVENWARD! Heavenward! our
watchword be,
From a land of darkness and misery,
To a land where the righteous from sorrow are free.

The things we love are things which die ;
In vain we think, in vain we try
To escape the tear, or evade the sigh.

Who would not be a pilgrim, and bear the pain
Of sin, in a kingdom where sorrows reign,
Eternal joys in Heaven to gain?

Heavenward! Heavenward! why linger here
'Midst so much darkness, doubt, and fear?
Already the glories of Heaven appear!


Heavenward! Heavenward! let us roam,
We pitch our tents each day nearer home,
Then lay aside all impatience and gloam.

Heavenward! Heavenward! on we press,
The road is less rugged, the distance grows less,
That leads to the home where no burdens oppress.

Heavenward! Heavenward! who would stay
In this frail tenement of clay,
When we may reign in endless day?

Heavenward! Heavenward! be our aim,
Through waves of trouble and clouds of flame,
Until the victor's crown we claim.

VOICES OF OCEAN.

 HAVE heard the ocean murmur
In the dark and stilly night;
I have listen'd to its voices
Till approach of morning light.

And in silence I have ponder'd
On what it seem'd to say;
But my restless thoughts have wander'd
To a land that's far away.

I have tried in vain to fix them,
But they've fled to childhood's years;
When I wander'd by that ocean
With my eyes bedew'd with tears.

And ever in that murmur
There are harmonies sublime,
A psalm of glorious music
That echoes through all time;


Which swells a mighty anthem,
While, in grand majestic tone,
It utters many voices,
But " speaks to the heart alone."

There are voices in that ocean
Which none can understand,
Which speak of mysteries wild and strange,
In some far mystic land.

And whenever I hear that ocean,
With its murmuring, dashing spray,
I long to cross life's waters
To my home that is far away.



EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

AY not that earth is dreary,
 Say not that life is dull,
 That of them you are weary,
 For both are beautiful.


Rise from thy bed of slumber
 In summer's early morn ;
 Then draw aside thy curtains,
 And look on the sloping lawn.

See how the dew is sparkling,
 Like gems in the monarch's crown ;
 And flowers, with dew o'erladen,
 Repose on the fertile ground.

Behold, from thine open'd window,
 The distant landscape shine,
 Reflecting the sun's great glory,
 And say, " Is not the earth divine ?"

Ah ! yes, this earth hath enchanting scenes,
Surpassing the fairy land,
Where the heart of the earnest student still
Feels the spell of beauty's wand.

TO A MOSS-ROSE IN OCTOBER.


 OVELY rose, whence comest thou
With fragrant beauty on thy brow ?
Thou art welcome, though thou art
lonely,
One beauteous rose, and one only.
Out of due time thou wast born
In autumnal eve or misty morn ;
Why didst thou not come when the sun's warm ray
Shone on the earth in the summer's day ?

The earth is now damp,
And the air is cold,
And the flowers once so gay,

Lived but a short time in the glory of life,
But now are all wither'd away.

Oh ! what is the mystery of thy life,
Or the cause of thy delay ?
And why hast thou bloom'd
'Midst autumnal scenes,
And not in a summer's day ?

THE STRANDED BARQUE.

 WAS the hour of prayer, at eventide
Of a dark December day,
And the furious sea, with surging pride,
Lash'd the beach with foaming spray.

The rain fell fast, and the wintry blast
Danced, and revell'd on the sea ;
The heavens were black and overcast
And the moon shone mournfully.

A wailing sound was heard around
The wild and rock-bound shore;
The sea ran high, and a dismal cry
Mingled with ocean's roar.

It was an earnest cry for aid
From a little bark at sea,
Which ran aground, on the rocks fast bound,
And was perishing helplessly.

There was the captain bold and brave,
Of gallant heart and true,
Hoping still he yet might save
His ship with her noble crew.

And these were men, though rough and rude,
Of calm courageous mien,
Of manly hearts which never fail'd,
Though many a storm they'd seen.

No childish tears had stain'd their cheeks,
No trembling hearts had they ;
While billows wild did o'er them break,
They knelt them down to pray.

They pray'd for wives and children dear,
Far in a distant land,—
They, on the ocean wild and drear,
A true heroic band.

Then pray'd they to their Father God,
Who rules the wind and wave,
To send His mighty power abroad,
Them from the deep to save.

They call'd to mind the wondrous scene,
Off the shore of Galilee,
When Jesus faithless Peter saved
From sinking in the sea.

And soon the storm was hush'd and still,
The billows dash'd no more,
And gliding o'er the peaceful deep,
They reach'd their own loved shore.

THE BEREAVEMENT.



HEARD the sound of a tolling bell,
 And its echo just was dying,
 As a mother took her last farewell
 Of her babe in the coffin lying.


She gazed upon that lifeless babe,
 As it in death was sleeping ;
 And its pale white lips had form'd a smile
 As its mother fond was weeping.

Then a sigh, a sigh, a deep, deep sigh
 Was the parent's bosom swelling,
 And the tear that gush'd from that mother's eye,
 A mournful tale was telling.

But that sleeping babe had pass'd away
 To a land untouch'd by sorrow,
 To bask in the bliss of eternal day,
 Where hope fades not with to-morrow.



ARISE, THOU FALLEN ONE.


 RISE, thou fallen one,
 Rise and flee !
 Though shame and dishonour
 Have come to thee,
 Thou dost not yet all hopeless lie ;
 The arrows of death have pass'd thee by ;
 To retrace thy steps thou yet mayst try.

Arise, thou fallen one,
 Lift thy soul
 To Him whose words
 Can make thee whole !
 Sink not beneath thy burden of sin ;
 Thy journey homeward this moment begin ;
 Thy Father's smile thou yet mayst win.

Arise, thou fallen one,
 Wipe thy tear !
 Thou art forgiven,

What needst thou fear?
Quail not before sin's bitter blast,
The storm of thy guilt cannot long last;
Thy God in mercy hath forgiven the past.


THE PENITENT.

 H ! speak to me one gentle word,
For sin my heart hath riven ;
Before my eyes are closed in death,
Oh ! say that I'm forgiven.

Like wild sea-bird, before the storm
My weary soul is driven ;
And shelter seeks in Thee, my God—
Oh ! say that I'm forgiven.

My Father, I have sinn'd, and long
Against Thy laws have striven ;
For Jesus' sake Thy mercy show,
And say that I'm forgiven.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

H! who can tell what tidings thou dost
 bear,
 What signs of mingled joy and love thy
 youthful brow doth wear!

From thee we learn that we are onward borne,
 Far from our childhood's days and youthful morn.
 We pause and think, and then our bosoms swell
 With some dear memory of some sad farewell.

Or on the wings of faith we upward rise,
 To hold communion in the skies,
 With some bright happy spirit to us dear,
 Who with us watch'd the last departing year.

We bid thee welcome, though we little know
 The heavy trials we must undergo,
 The clouds of sorrow which may round us rise,
 The sad bereavement which may us surprise;
 As led by thee we onward wend our way,
 Before we reach heaven's bright eternal day.


Ah ! could I see the path that I must tread,
I now might seek to rest my weary head,
With John, upon the dear Redeemer's breast,
And with him seek to enjoy eternal rest.

But still, my God, Thou knowest what's best for me,
Though I cannot, Thou canst the future see,
And Thine own hand shall guide me while I stray,
Through the intricate paths of life's rough way.

Then welcome, new-born year, I hail thy smile !
Life's latest landmark, time's youngest child !
Bring with thee sorrow, or be rich in joy,
May songs of praises still my tongue employ,
In my fathers' God may my hope be found,
And my zeal and love in His cause abound !



COMMOTION OF THE HEART.

 HERE are heavy tides of feeling
 That dash against the soul,
 And ebb and flow while life's storms
 blow,
 And breakers in fury roll :


And the heart is worn with commotion,
 Like stones on a rocky shore ;
 Yet life's billows are ever beating
 Against it more and more :

And still from its depths of feeling
 Is heard a soft plaintive cry,
 'Tis the fear of the heart out-speaking,
 When the hour of danger is nigh.

Oh ! well would it be if ever
 The heart from her sorrow could rise,
 To the God of the storm and the tempest,
 Who dwells in yon glorious skies ;


Who comes to the help of the helpless,
And makes the winds to cease,
Then gently leads poor weary souls
To the home of perfect peace.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

IVE me the twilight hour
With the red and golden sky,
When autumnal leaves are rustling,
And the wind sweeps howling by.

Give me the silent chamber,
And let no gleam of light
Disperse the gloom which gathers
From the black clouds of night.

Let my stillness be unbroken ;
Let no human footstep fall
To disturb my quiet thinking,
Or my spirit to recall



From the bright enchanting visions,
From the hopes of future joy,
To which the dreams of fancy
My wearied soul decoy.

Let my soul unfetter'd wander
'Midst the memories of the past ;
To the starry worlds up yonder
Let my peaceful thoughts be cast.

Let me dwell on life's great future ;
Let me lift the mystic veil,
And the secret things of nature
To my curious mind reveal.

Let me forget the present,
With its sorrows, cares, and sighs,
And then on wings ethereal
Let my spirit heavenward rise.

Let me speak with saints departed,
The companions of my youth,
While I drink of streams refreshing,
From the crystal fount of truth.

Let me hear my Father whisper,
Though beside me, yet unseen,—
“ I’ll still guard thee, still defend thee,
Through life’s ever-changing scene.”

Thus let the hour of twilight
The heart’s sweet portion be,
And, musing in a tranquil mood,
From anxious thought be free.

CONSOLATION IN BEREAVEMENT.



H, turn from the grave, where thy lov
one is sleeping
In the cold arms of death, in darkn
below ;
Let thy sad heart be joyous, thine eyes cease the
weeping,
Let hope’s radiant beams take the place of th
woe !

Art thou silent in sorrow? Is thy lonely heart
sighing

O'er bright scenes of life which can ne'er come
again?

Does the thought all is passing, is fading, is dying,
Fill thy sensitive spirit with exquisite pain?

Hast thou walk'd in thy garden in a bright sum-
mer's morning,

And watch'd the gay flowers their beauty dis-
close?

Hast thou gone when the shadows of eve have been
falling,

And seen those same flowers, all faded, repose?

Have the hopes of thy youth all as dreams pass'd
before thee?

Have bright prospects mock'd and deluded thy
soul?

Is life's spell now broken and youth's charms all
vanish'd?

Doth the bell of thy heart o'er bright memories
toll?

And have seen the verdant valley
Where perpetual tempests reign.

So I have seen the child of sorrow,
Beautiful 'midst tears,
Look calmly on the future,
And suppress her rising fears ;
I have seen her brow most noble
When the storm burst o'er her head,
And her eye with hope still beaming
When the dreams of hope had fled.

I have seen the fair and lovely form
On sorrow's couch recline,
Like some choice plant that pines away
When brought from some far clime ;
I have seen her eye look heavenward,
And heard her breathe a prayer,
As if she gazed on some bright world,
And wish'd her soul were there.

I have heard the dying Christian,
When his sands of life had run,
Whisper, in tones of gentleness,
" The work of life is done ;

Religion amidst Adversity.

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As if she gazed on some bright world,
And wish'd her soul were there.

I have heard the dying Christian,
When his sands of life had run,
Whisper, in tones of gentleness,
" The work of life is done ;

Ah! let not sad thoughts thy spirit embitter,
 There is much in this world that is beautiful still;
 The God of thy fathers, thy Guardian and Keeper,
 Can from dread sorrows sweet blessings distil.

Thy friends may all die, and life's flowers may all
 wither,
 Thy hopes may all fail, and youth's dreams pass
 away;
 But the God of thy fathers will never forsake thee,
 He'll guard thee, and keep thee by night and by
 day.

RELIGION AMIDST ADVERSITY.

 HAVE seen the roses blooming
 On the rugged mountain's brow ;
 I have seen the crocus springing
 Above the wreathèd snow ;
 I have watch'd the gushing fountain
 On the burning sterile plain,

And have seen the verdant valley
Where perpetual tempests reign.

So I have seen the child of sorrow,
Beautiful 'midst tears,
Look calmly on the future,
And suppress her rising fears ;
I have seen her brow most noble
When the storm burst o'er her head,
And her eye with hope still beaming
When the dreams of hope had fled.

I have seen the fair and lovely form
On sorrow's couch recline,
Like some choice plant that pines away
When brought from some far clime ;
I have seen her eye look heavenward,
And heard her breathe a prayer,
As if she gazed on some bright world,
And wish'd her soul were there.

I have heard the dying Christian,
When his sands of life had run,
Whisper, in tones of gentleness,
“ The work of life is done ;

“ The long dark night is over ;
I see the morning dawn.
Cease, cease, my heart, thy beating,
And let my soul be gone!”

THE RESTLESS WIND.



HITHER ! whither ! restless wind ?

Wilt thou never stay ?

Canst thou never, never find

Rest for e'en one day ?

I hear thee moan in the darksome night,
When on my bed I lie ;
I hear thee knock at my casement still,
And list to thy sob and sigh.

Why dost thou moan in sadness ?
What means thy plaintive song ?
Why dost thou leap with gladness,
And shout with voice so strong ?

Why dost thou seem so angry ?
What hath disturb'd thy peace ?
Or hath the silence broken
Of thy brief resting-place ?

It may be thou art dreaming,
And that thy voices wild
Are like the frightened starts and screams
Of some half-sleeping child.

How dreadful must thy dream be !
How broken thy repose !
To judge by thy strange fitful gusts,
And wild convulsive throes.

When wilt thou sleep in peacefulness,
And restless roam no more,
O'er hill and dale, with mournful wail,
From distant shore to shore ?

BLIGHTED PROSPECTS.



ARE hath driven deep its furrows
 On thy lofty youthful brow,
 Languid, weary, pale, and care-worn,
 A fading, drooping rose art thou.

Once I saw thee, fair as morning,
 Clothed in robes of dazzling light;
 All the paths of truth adorning;
 Never was more beauteous sight.

All the joys of life clung round thee,
 All the dreams of youth allured,
 All the hopes of youth enticed thee,
 And thy sanguine heart assured.

Thee they promised splendid treasure,
 And a great immortal name,
 Amaranthine flowers to crown thee
 On the eternal throne of fame.

One by one they all have vanish'd,
Like the bubbles on the stream ;
Thee they have left to pine in sadness,
And to find them all a dream.

Ah ! they have taunted, jeer'd, and mock'd thee,
In thy bitterness of soul,
Counting o'er thy blighted prospects,
Pointing to the unreach'd goal.

As we have watch'd, in summer's evening,
Yon bright rockets mount the sky ;
Then, like brilliant stars descending,
Lose their lustre, wane, and die :

So the light which they created,
By their brief but splendid loom,
Only has from thee departed
To give place to greater gloom.

But it may be well and needful
That thou shouldst the burden bear ;
And that thou, when young and restless,
Shouldst the yoke of sorrow wear.


We've a Father in the heavens
Who His claim will not resign,
And 'midst all our plans He speaketh,
“ Lo ! My children's hearts are Mine.

“ I have made them, I have bought them,
And, although they oft rebel,
By great trials I'll subdue them,
Lo ! I can do all things well.

“ If I blight their earthly prospects,
'Tis that they their sin should mourn,
And with penitential sorrow
To their Father's heart return.”



THE MOTHER'S WELCOME.

T is pleasing to stand
On the ocean's strand
And watch the barque at sea,
And see her ride
O'er the foaming tide,
Bringing some loved one to thee.

It is joyful to meet,
And with love to greet,
The friends for whom we mourn,
With their little band,
From a distant land,
To their own sweet home return.

How glad thou art
When the long-lost heart
Is clasp'd again to thy breast,
And the wearied head
Again is laid
Gently on thee to rest !

Gone is the sigh,
For the loved ones are nigh,
And dried is the briny tear ;
Thy sorrow is fled,
Thou hast joy instead,
And vanish'd is all thy fear.

LIFE'S MARINER.



OURAGE, weary mariner,
On life's eventful sea,
Though tempests round thee gather,
There yet is hope for thee ;

Though dismal gloom surrounds thee,
And lightnings past thee fly ;
Though all be dark as midnight,
Hope beams through yon dark sky !

See how the clouds are breaking,
While chinks of light appear ;
In Hope's sweet language speaking :—
“ The calm of life is near ;

“ The storm is fast subsiding,
The boisterous winds are o’er,
Thy barque is gently gliding
To Heaven’s delightful shore.

“ Look to the far horizon,
Behold yon mountains stand !
Do they not mark the boundary
Of some fair happy land ?

“ Behold life’s mist dispersing,
The land is full in view ;
I soon shall land in safety ;
Life’s troubled sea, adieu !”



THE CAPTIVE.



H ! leave me yet awhile
 Within this lonely cell ;
 I would not change its awful gloom
 For the court where monarchs dwell.

Forbear to loose those chains,
 For they are dear to me ;
 Nor take away their bloody stains,
 The price of liberty.

The heaviest fetters borne
 Can never take away
 The freedom of the mind,
 Which is true liberty.

Ah ! leave me to my dreams,
 In which I often see
 The land where truth triumphant reigns,
 Sweet land of liberty.

EARTHLY PLEASURES NOT ABIDING.



HE longest day will have its night,
 The brightest star will wane from sight,
 The sweetest sounds will pass away,
 Earth's choicest treasures soon decay.

Drink of earth's springs, they will soon be dry;
 Let the heart be joyful, it soon will sigh;
 Bid the happiest hours of life to stay,—
 They pass as the showers of an April day.

Then drink of the springs which ever flow,
 And seek the joys which purer grow,
 And gather the flowers which ne'er decay,
 But bloom in the realms of eternal day.

Sweet as the charms of youth may be,
 They pass away with rapidity;
 Like twinkling stars which brightly shone,
 The clouds pass'd o'er, and all were gone.

Then set before thee an aim in life ;
Fear not to enter the awful strife ;
Let thy heart be fix'd in yon glorious sky,
Where flowers ne'er wither, and friends ne'er die

Cease not to fight, nor the sword lay down,
Till the laurel-wreath and the golden crown
Are placed on thy head by the angel-band,
On the distant shores of the better land.

THE RIVER.



STOOD by the flowing river,
And watch'd its silvery stream
Gliding away in silence,
And passing like a dream ;

I follow'd its rapid current
On banks bedeck'd with flowers,
Then saw it wind, and curve, and bend,
Through vales, and scented bowers :

Like a prancing steed unbridled
It rush'd, with unconscious pride,
Through the rocky, thorny dingle,
Then down the mountain side ;—

It pass'd the stately mansion,
Where the great and high-born dwell,
And then it fiercely bounded
To the flowery, fairy dell ;—

It pass'd a rustic village
In its own meandering way,
Then watch'd the merry scenes of youth,
On its banks, at the close of day ;—

It rested awhile in the peaceful lake,
Then over the level plain
It hasted away to the ocean wide,
Never to return again !

Oh ! is not this life a river,
Flowing onward in mystery,
Through the ever-changing scenes of time
To the sea of Eternity ?

TRUST IN GOD.

TRUST in God to-day ;
 There is a way,
 By which He will lead thee :

He can a path prepare
 Of safety 'midst every snare,
 Though dangers impede thee.

Thou canst not descry
 Where that path may lie,
 'Midst thorns or roses,
 Through sorrow's valley deep,
 Or o'er joy's mountain-steep,
 Where life's storm reposes.

Anxious thou need'st not be
 Thy future lot to see ;
 There's One who is guiding
 Thy footsteps, day by day,
 Through life's mysterious way,
 And near thee abiding.

He can thy vessel steer
When the dread storm is near,
Or o'er thee breaking.
Behold Him 'midst tempests loud
Stooping, 'midst storm and cloud,
A way for thee making !

When the billows wild dash high,
Thou canst their power defy
In Jesu's great name ;
When death's arrows round thee fall
On Him thou then canst call,—
He is ever the same.

Thy life to Him commit,
Then cheerfully submit
To all His will.
Though danger's hour be near,
Thou need'st not fear,
He'll keep thee still.

READY TO PERISH.

READY to perish ! Oh, what thoughts
 These awful words convey,
 Of souls unsaved, in guilt, and sin,
 Who ne'er for pardon pray !

Ready to perish ! Oh, what scenes
 Arise before our eye,
 In this dark world of sin and woe,
 Where ruin'd spirits lie !

Ready to perish ! Hear the wail
 Of hearts with anguish torn,
 Which feel the bitter pangs of death,
 And sit, and weep forlorn !

Ready to perish ! Jesus, hear
 This dread heartrending cry !
 Behold ! the wild, dark tempest-cloud
 Of death is drawing nigh.

Ready to perish ! Jesus, save,
Avert the breaking storm ;
And let us on the threatening wave
See Thy sweet peaceful form !

Ready to perish ! Oh, what words !
What work can now be done ?
The gloom of night is gathering fast,
Fast sinks life's evening sun.

Ready to perish ! Men of God,
Arise ! with souls sublime,
With noble hearts, and trust in God,
Let us give help in time.


Ready to perish ! awful sound !
Which comes from lands afar,
And echoes through God's universe,
And bounds from star to star.

Ready to perish ! God of grace,
How dark earth's prospects seem ;
Show it the brightness of Thy face,
And guilty souls redeem !

Ready to perish ! God most high,
Hast Thou not power to save ?
For help to Thy great throne we fly,
And tender pity crave.

Ready to perish ! Blessed thought,
Thy mercy yet may shine ;
And those who sit in shades of death
May Thy salvation find !

THE HIDDEN PATH.

 HERE is a path of glorious light
Which leads beyond the sky,
To the great throne of pearly white
Where Jesus reigns on high.

A path no mortal foot hath trod,
Unseen by human eye,
Which none may walk but those whom God
Through Christ doth purify.


A path which leads from star to star,
Through boundless fields of space,
Beyond the reach of human ken,
Or reason's power to trace ;

Where no faint traveller seeks to rest
His wearied head awhile,
Nor jaded pilgrim tries in vain
His sorrows to beguile.

A path all peaceful and serene,
Where flowers immortal grow,
'Midst beauteous fields of living green,
Where crystal waters flow.

A path where blessed angels stand,
With ready foot and wing,
To joys above, at Christ's command,
His ransom'd host to bring.

CHRIST IN THE STORM.


 WHY fearest thou, Christian?
 Is the night dark and wild?
 Is thy sky overcast?
 Are thy lights all extinguish'd,
 Thou faithless child?

Is the lightning-flash gleaming?
 Do the loud thunders roll?
 Have dread, doubt, and fear,
 Taken captive thy soul?

Why fearest thou, Christian,
 On life's stormy sea?
 Do the yawning waves threaten
 Destruction to thee?

Has thy vessel no pilot?
 Art thou sorely distress'd?
 Is thy weary soul fainting
 For succour and rest?

Is there no one to help thee
Of the friends thou dost love ?
Art thou lone and forsaken ?
Ah ! then look above.

There is light for thee, Christian,
In grief's darkest cloud ;
There is joy for thy heart
When in sorrow 'tis bow'd.

Why fearest thou, Christian ?
Thy Jesus is near ;
He comes to protect thee,—
Then why shouldst thou fear ?

Why pal'st thou with terror ?
The form thou dost see
Is the spirit of Jesus
Coming gently to thee.

WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT?



H ! wherefore didst thou doubt
 Thy great Creator's power
 To save thee by His mighty hand
 In danger's awful hour ?

Oh ! wherefore didst thou doubt
 His wisdom to decide
 Thy lot in life, whate'er it be,
 Or where thou must abide ?

Oh ! wherefore didst thou doubt
 Thy gentle Shepherd's care
 To lead thee still 'midst pastures green,
 Where Christ's dear flock repair ?

Oh ! wherefore didst thou doubt,
 And, faithless, sob and sigh,
 As if He could not keep thee still,
 And all thy wants supply ?

Oh ! wherefore didst thou doubt
His justice and His grace ?
He'll guide thee still, in gentleness,
'Midst paths of perfect peace.

Oh ! wherefore didst thou doubt
His covenant, always sure,
Which to His loved ones ever shall
From age to age endure ?


Oh ! wherefore didst thou doubt
That Christ would pity show,
And to thy heart, when penitent,
His pardoning love bestow ?

Oh ! wherefore couldst thou doubt
That thou art born of God,
Since thou art cleansed from all thy sins
In Christ's most precious blood ?

Oh ! wherefore didst thou doubt
The Spirit's gentle voice,
Sweet Messenger of heavenly news
Which makes thy heart rejoice ?

Oh ! wherefore didst thou doubt
That Christ will thee sustain
Until thou wear'st the golden crown,
And joys immortal gain ?

JESUS IS NIGH.

 H, Jesus ! I am weak,
But thou art strong ;
Sad is my soul,
And burden'd is my song.
Distress'd and helpless,
To Thee I cry ;
Save me, blest Jesus,
For Thou art nigh !


Seen is Thy lovely form,
Heard is Thy gentle voice,
Mingling with the storm,
Bidding my heart rejoice.

Ah ! yes, I know Thou'rt near,
Faith shows Thee to mine eye ;
Save me, blest Saviour,
For Thou art nigh !

My sins I cannot bear,
Ah ! take them, Lord, away,
And cleanse me with Thy precious blood,
When I before Thee pray.
On Thee I still would call,
And to Thy presence fly ;
Save me, blest Jesus,
For Thou art nigh !



SABBATH MORNING.

REAT God of love, attend
 Thy house this day ;
 While we before Thee bend,
 Teach us to pray.

We meet this sacred morn
 Before Thy throne,
 And own Thee, mighty God,
 As Lord alone.

Before Thy mercy-seat
 We humbly bow,
 And Christ's dear Name repeat,—
 Oh ! bless us now.

Our hearts are calm and still,
 For Thou art near ;
 We wait to know Thy will,
 Thy voice to hear.

Oh, pardon freely give,
While at Thy throne ;
And teach us how to live
To Thee alone :

And bless us once again
Before we part,
And with Christ's precious love
Fill every heart.

Rev. T. Moore

EVENING HYMN.


MIGHTY God ! while round our dwelling
Dangers thick have stood each hour,
Thou hast by Thy presence cheer'd us,
Thou hast kept us by Thy power.

Safely have we dwelt o'ershadow'd
By Thine all-protecting wing,
Now with thankful hearts we bless Thee,
And our humble praise we bring

To the God of our salvation,
To the Lamb who for us died,
To the Spirit of all blessing,
Who to Christ has testified.

Holy Three in One, before Thee
Our poor spirits prostrate lie,
While our grateful hearts adore Thee,
Holy, holy, God most high !

HYMN.

TERNAL Source of every joy,
Permit us to draw near,
And worship Thee as God and Lord,
With reverence and with fear.

Assured that Thou art God alone,
And dwell'st in glory high,
Above all kingdoms and all worlds,
Beyond the lofty sky.

May we before Thee, mighty God,
Our numerous sins confess ;
And know that Thou hast boundless power
To pardon, save, and bless.

Before the worlds in order stood
Or sun or moon gave light,
Before the heaving swelling floods
Felt Thy restraining might ;

Or ever burning seraph bow'd
Before Thy peerless throne ;
Or through the awful thunder-cloud
Thy solemn glory shone ;

From everlasting Thou hast been,
And always must endure,—
Thy throne is built on holiness,
And ever rests secure.

HYMN.



RACIOUS God ! whene'er we kneel

Before Thy heavenly throne,

Help us to fix our wandering hearts

On Christ, and Christ alone.

Let us with reverence, fear, and love,

Before Thy footstool fall,

And lift our hearts to things above,

And for Thy mercy call.

And help us as a family

Thy love divine to know,

And by our daily walk in life

The power of grace to show.

MORNING HYMN.



H ! Israel's God, we seek Thy face
 Once more in fervent prayer ;
 We bring our numerous sins to Thee,
 And on Thee cast our care.

If aught should tempt our souls to leave
 The path mark'd out by Thee,
 Then help us for our sins to grieve,
 And humbly turn to Thee.

Help us to act a noble part
 In all the scenes of life,
 And keep our hearts in Thy sweet peace
 In conflict, or in strife.

And when by sad perplexing thoughts
 Our spirits sore are tried,
 Help us to Thee in child-like faith
 Our sorrows to confide.

HYMN.



OUR fathers' God, Thy glorious Name,
 We bless and magnify ;
 For Jesu's sake Thy grace we claim,
 And to Thy throne draw nigh.

God of our fathers, hear the prayer
 We offer up to Thee,
 That all the children of the just
 May Thy salvation see.


Is not the holy promise given
 To us and to our seed ?
 Oh ! then fulfil Thy gracious word,
 While in Christ's Name we plead.

Let all our little ones receive
 Thy tender gracious care ;
 In Christ's dear Name let them believe,
 And His sweet image bear.

Oh ! draw them by Thy love divine
While in their childhood's days ;
Let them their souls to Thee resign,
And ever speak Thy praise :

And when we come to dwell with Thee
In realms of peace and love,
Let not one child then missing be
From that sweet home above.

MORNING HYMN.


EFORE Thine altar kneeling,
O God, we humbly pray,
Our hearts in holy feeling
To guard and keep this day ;

And when our souls are erring
On life's forbidden way,
Oh ! leave us not, Most Merciful,
'Midst sin and death to stray.

But let Thy love constraining
Our downard course restrain,
And bring us back with contrite hearts
To Jesu's fold again ;

And whilst Thou art revealing
To us bright joys above,
Bind our poor wandering spirits
To Thy great heart of love.

EVENING HYMN.

EFORE Thy mercy-seat, O Lord,
Each other's names we bear,
And ask Thee, for our Saviour's sake,
To hear and answer prayer.

For all whose hearts to ours are bound
In kindred's sacred tie,
We ask Thee, Lord, their souls to bless,
From Thy great throne on high.


For all whose hearts to ours are bound
In friendship's golden chain,
We ask that they Thy peace may share,
And heavenly grace obtain.

And all whose souls with ours are one
In Jesu's precious love,
Bring them with all Thy saints to dwell,
In mansions bright above.

And is there one whose unkind heart
Would do or wish us ill,
O God, in mercy him forgive,
And with contrition fill.

And let all men of every clime,
Of high and low degree,
All needful blessings, Lord, receive,
And Thy great glory see.

MORNING HYMN.

ROUND Thy throne, O God ! once
 more
 We meet in praise and prayer,
 Thy wondrous mercy to adore,
 And Thy great love declare.

We laid us down in peaceful sleep,
 Unmoved by fear or dread,
 Assured that Thou wouldst safely keep
 A watch around our bed.

Throughout the night Thy guardian hand
 Did us from harm defend ;
 And angels stood at Thy command,
 Our feeble souls to tend.

At morning's dawn Thou didst us wake,
 With thankful hearts to Thee
 For all Thy mercies to us given,
 So full, so rich, so free !

And now, O God ! we praise Thy Name,
And while on earth we live,
The blessings needful for each day
We ask Thee still to give.

HYMN.



ALMIGHTY God, Eternal Lord,
We supplicate Thy grace,
And ask Thy mercies to descend
On the human race.

Where'er the word of truth is preach'd,
And Jesu's name proclaim'd,
Oh ! let Thy grace be magnified
In ruin'd souls reclaim'd.

Where'er the cross is lifted high,
And Calvary's story told,
There bring poor trembling sinners nigh
To our Redeemer's fold.

Let every word Thy servants speak
Be clothed with heav'nly power ;
And stony hearts in sorrow break,
To save in mercy's hour.

Let no poor soul Thy goodness spurn,
Nor longer now delay,
Let every heart to Jesus turn
In this the accepted day.

Oh, gracious God ! let mercy's stream
To us in pity flow,
That all mankind Thy love may learn,
And Thy salvation know.

Speak from Thy throne, and pardon sin,
And hear when sinners cry ;
To-day let mercy's work begin,
And bring salvation nigh !

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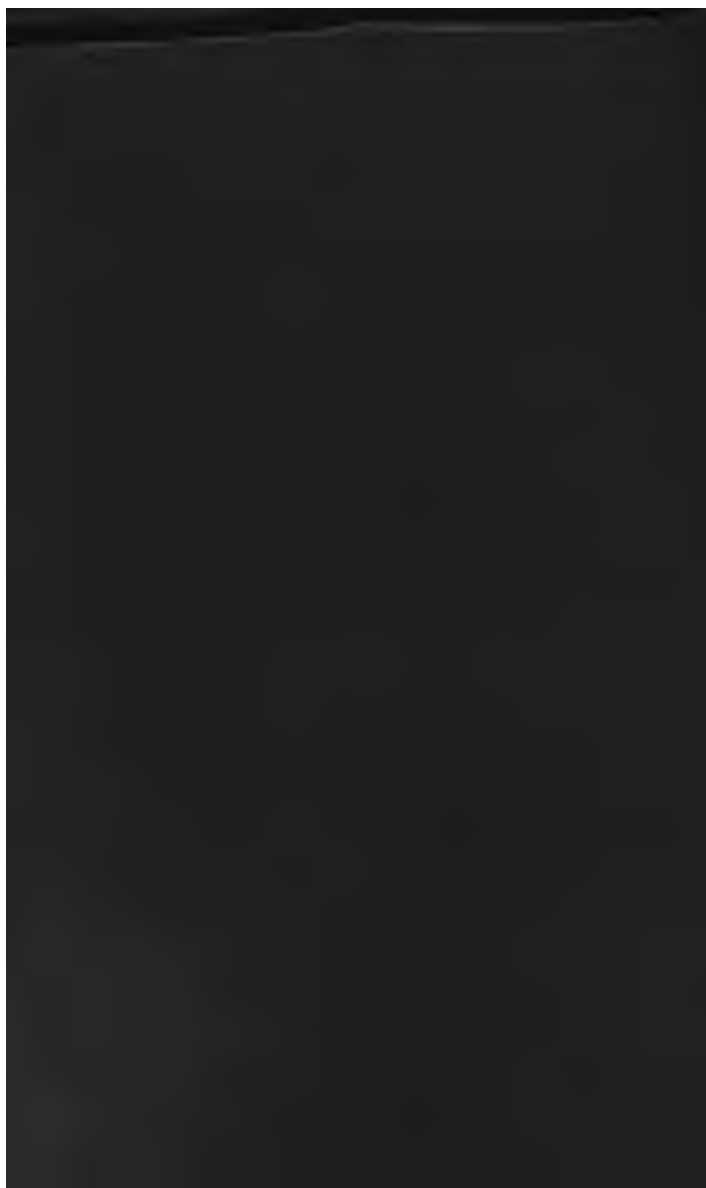
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